It was late in July, 1872, and late in the afternoon, when I rode up to George Warner's house on Fish Creek, in northern Montana. After greeting my comrade, who sat in meditation on a pine log, I unsaddled my horse and tion on a pile log. In the valley, and then sat down by Warner's side to enjoy the glories of a Rocky Mountain sunset. The soft, gray light of the plains blended in the distance with the purple tints hanging over mountain glens lying in the shade of lofty, snow-clad poaks. The silence of the plains was absolute. Between us and the precipitous walls of the foothills antelope grazed. A few cattle walked in file toward the water holes for their evening draught. My horse joined a small herd of horses that were feeding in the valley below us. They gathered together compactly, to talk, probably. Soon they differed and fought, and my horse was promptly kicked out of the herd. I noticed these incidents lazily, unconsciously almost, as I sat with chin on kneesupported arms, watching the light fade from the serrated crest of the mountains. The silence was broken by a heavy pat, pat, pat on the porch penind us. I turned and saw a large, handsome half-blood stag hound walking on the porch. In his mouth he carried a billet of fire-Seeing me he stopped, and with his head high in the air looked intently at me for in instant, and then resumed his walk. Slowly he stepped off the porch and walked around the end of the log nearest to Warner, and stood motionless before him. My comrade's voice thrilled with affection, or it may have been the unspoken recollections of the past conjured up by the silent and mysterious power of the highland that affected his tones as he said lovingly: "Mose, old boy." After looking affectionately at Warner and disapprovingly at me, the dog dropped the billet of wood, and then, holding it firmly with his powerful paws, he made a pretence of gnawing it, as though it were a marrow bone, looking appealingly at his master the while. My comrade stroked the animal's head and smiled as he said: "Mose, I suspect that you are a fraud. You know you are not hungry. Are you not ashamed to bring that stick here and pretend to eat it? You are trying to convey the impression that I starve you. What will my friend, a stranger to you, Mose, think of me, you wretched, wretched dog?" While Warner was speaking Mose looked into his eyes, his face beaming with love. His expression was almost human in its intelligence. Lovingly Warner looked at the dog for an instant and then he inquired. "Are you really hungry, Mose?" For answer the dog worried the stick as though he would devour it. Warner arose and said, Come and eat, you humbug." They disappeared around the house in the direction of the pegs on which antelope were hanging. I heard my friend talk to the dog as he fed him as one talks to a child, questioning him as to whether he had had enough, admonishing him not to bolt his food, lecturing him on the vulgarity of greediness. Presently Mose came around the orner of the house, and, walking to me, thrust his nose into my hand and smelled of it inquiringly. Then, after looking me full in the face for an instant, he laid his long head on my knee and sedately wagged his tait as I smoothed his forehead and talked to him as dogs love to be

I have owned and loved one brown-eyed setter bitch that frequently exhibited quite a high order of reasoning power. But I have owned and heartily disliked and promptly killed two score of beetle-hoaded dogs, wretched, semi-idiotic creatures that bayed the moon, set rabbits in the field, and sucked eggs assiduously when off duty. But Mose surpassed all other dogs I have seen in intelligence. He was modest, courageous, honest, and loving. He was a far more agreeable companion than many men I have camped with.

The morning after my introduction to the dog we started on our journey into the land of the Blackfeet, Warner and I and Mose. The dog trotted after our horses. Occasionally he relieved the monotony of the trail and expended the surplus of his animal spirits by short combats with intercepted badgers that he artfully worried into intense rage and then allowed to escape. After one of these sham fights Mose would cock up his head and look at us, as much "Great sport-eh? That fellow smelled very badly; worse than usual, I be lieve. Did you see him back into his hole?" and he would leap high in the air and bark loudly with delight. I noticed that Mose was careful not to close with the badgers. He simply teased them. I doubted his courage My friend smiled scornfully and refused to answer the absurd question. The next badger tunate. The dog was having great fun in making pretences of furious onslaughts on the vile-smelling animal when Warner said lowly Kill him, Mose," Instantly Mose closed with his antagonist. There was a crunching of bones between powerful jaws, and the dead animal was tossed aside. Kill badgers, indeed! as a terrier does rats. Toward evening we crossed a divide, on the northern slope of which a small herd of antelope were feeding Warner's rifle flew to his shoulder and cracked charply. Instantly the animals were in flight. The shot was long, and I feared my comrade had missed. When the gun cracked Mose bounded forward and seated himself on his haunches by Warner's side, and looked attentively at the running ante-lope. Suddenly he leaped, and was running at full speed in pursuit. "Follow the dog." Warner cried, as I rode after Mose. "He would not course if the antelope was not wounded." Weeks of experience proved the truth of my friend's assertion. When one of our rifles cracked Mose was enormously interested in the result of the shot. He would study the fleeing animals until he saw which one was wounded, and that one he would run down; but if he was satisfied that the shot was unsuccessful he would not course. He would look at us, I used to think sympathetically, as much as to east: "That's all right. You must not expect to kill every time. We'll find another one pretty soon, and I know we'll capture that one." And the gentlemanly creature would wag his tail and feign a joy he did not feel, and prompt-

feelings by worrying the next badger he found. When Mose was a young dog, just out of his puppyhood, he caught a wounded antelope, after a long chase. Warner lost sight of the chase in the intricacies of the hills. An hour passed before he found the game. When he arrived at the spot where the dead animal lay he was horrifled at the rotund appearance of his dog, and the disappearance of a large porsion of the antelope. Mose had eaten the prized printet. This orime Warner punished severely. After that Mose would never eat in the field. Often I have stood over dead game and offered him bits of meat. Invariably his high-curved tall became pendant, his head sank, his ears drooped, and the light and joy faded from his face. He would lie down at a little distance from us and look reproachfully, sorrowfully, even, at us, as though saying, "I am disappointed in you. I think it exceedingly ungentlemshiy in you two to laugh at me, and recall my shame and disgrace." And he would sigh deeply. But when camp was made Mose was always hungry, and if not promptly fed he would carry a stick to the fire and there lie and

y distract your thoughts and relieve his own

pretend to eat it.

In the morning, after breakfast had been onten, the horses saddled, and the burden placed on the pack animal, Mose would beat the camping ground for overlooked articles, as a setter dog does a patch of grass for a scentwithholding quall. An overlooked knife, or poon, or spur, or pipe, or even a twig that had been used as a whip the previous day, he would pick up and deliver to Warner. When he was eatisfied that nothing had been left, he would caper and twist himself and bark for joy. One ovening, as we descended into the Milk River Valley. Warner discovered that his knife and sheath had fallen from his belt. He called Mose. The dog reared and placed his fore paws on Warner's thighs as he sat in the saddie, and looked earnestly in his master's face. My friend talked to him as he would to a man.

pointing backward over the windswept divide we had just crossed, he said. "Go find it." Mose dropped to his feet and started back, We went on to the river and made our camp In about two hours Mose loped into camp with the leathern sheath of the knife in his mouth, and gave it into Warner's hand. With ineffable scorn he looked at Mose as though he expected him to sprout donkey ears. He savagely told Mose that he was the greatest ass in the Bocky Mountains. Then, holding, the empty sheath before the dog's eyes, he sternly asked: "Where is the knife?" and he added: "Go back, you donkey, and find the knife you allowed to slip from the sheath." The dog turned and disappeared in the darkness. In less than an hour he returned with the knife in his mouth. I now understood why Mose so carefully searched the camp each morning. Ex-perience had taught him that Warner would send him back for any article that had been overlooked, and Mose, being a sociable dog and not fond of lonely trips across the plains and over hills, behind which savage gray wolves lurked, took good care that nothing was left in

the abandoned camps.

Mose was noisy. He dearly loved the sound of his own voice. His spirits were always high. He chased jack rabbits; he pursued coyotes: he coursed swifts; he tormented badgers; he avoided gray wolves; he barked at game o' nights. One evening we rode into the Marias Valley. Stamped into the clay by the edge of the water were the fresh prints of many moccasined feet. We were among hos-tile Indians. Warner and I dismounted and examined the tracks. Mose smelled of them. That night, after it was dark, we rode northward and made a dry camp among the bills. After our horses were picketed Warner carried a saddle blanket to the top of a near-by bill that overlooked our camp, and there spread it. He told Mose to lie there and guard the camp. and he added to his instructions the caution, "No more noise from this on, Mose." I never again heard the dog's voice. Nightly he watched our camp in slience. The approach of game that he could not make out, such as buffalo in the distance or travelling elk or antelope, he announced by waking Warner. Often while lying on the northern plains I have awakened with start and a keen sense of the presence of danger to see Warner, rifle in hand, and Mose at his side, gazing intently into the darkness. The dog understood as well as we that his bark might betray our camp to the Blackfeet, who were hunting in the land, and he suppressed it. Mose became a solemn dog. He quitted play-ing with badgers; he stuck close to the horses when we were on the trail: he lost all desire to explore the crests of the divides or to admire the scenery from the tops of hills. The low valleys and ting draws that hid us from the sharp eyes of the Blackfeet suited Mose as well as us. I have not a particle of doubt that Mose felt the presence of danger and understood that we were careful, because it was essential to our safety.

Brothers and Hamilton, at Whoop Up on the Belly River, sheltered us. There we lost Mose. Dogs as well as men have their hours of weak-ness. Mose was of ardent temperament. He feil a victim to the wiles of a fair, goldenhaired, dark-eyed female of his species, and was lured by her into the Piegan camp. The children of the plains, hading secured the dog by honest thrift and fluished craft, refused to surrender flim to Warner when he entered their camp; and they told him they would kill him if he came after the dog again. The tears stood in the brave gentleman's eyes when he returned to the trading post. The descendants of Mose are famous among the Blackfeet for sledge dogs.

On my return to civilization Mose gradually failed from my memory. One day last winter I met Joe Healy on Broadway. During our talk he told me that Mose was still alive. He made the trading post his headquarters; but visited in the Indian camps a great portion of the He grew in intelligence as the years rolled by. Healy told me that Mose could not talk or read or write, and that he might be a little rusty in mathematics, but that he knew more than many men, and that he was a most delightful comrade under any circumstances. To-day I received a letter from Heavy, written at Silver City, Northwest Territory, Manitoba, let it speak for itself:

"I lost a good and true friend this past winter. You knew him well. Old Mose of Whoop Up is dead. He was sensible to the last. He knew his time had come. Some of the men found him digging his own grave outside of the fort. They carried him into the building. That night he escaped, and the next morning was found dead in the grave he had digged. The

SWE LOWDON POLICE

Lowness, June 28.—It was just 2 o'clock in the morning, and I reckoned that ever since 10 e'clock of the last evening fifteen minutes had never fully elapsed without some case or other being brought to the police station. The station referred to is in Bow street, and is the quarter of the E. or Holborn division, no doubt one of the most important of the nineteen metropolitan divisions. It contains 40 theatree, music balls, and dancing rooms, 481 publie houses, 200 refreshment rooms, and 81 beer houses. It has to deal with the rough porters of Covent Garden Market, the riotous settlements of Drury Lane, and the garroters and assassins of the Thames embankment. In the year 1882 it received 15,529 telegrams and cent 14,803, and business has increased since. The strength of that division is 1 Superintendent. stables. Mone of that night's cases was very important. The two most interesting were the attempt of a very innocent-looking young woman to pass a counterfeit coin, and the adventure of a young apprentice whom his father refused to take in for the night, alleging that he was not bringing home

enough money.

Lots of people come for advice to the po lice station, and contribute not a little to swell the occupation and try the patience of the Inspectors. After the lad came two women, whose devastated faces and gar-ments betrayed that they had left no means of ending their quarrels untried before resorting to the appeal to the Inspector. This shows that the work of the London police Inspector is not nominal. He has to write down every coour-rence which happens in the division, and sond n a full report every twenty-four hours of every crime and generally of all events of importance that come to his knowledge. Extracts of those reports are published in the "criminal information" paper, of which three editions are daily published for the use of the police, de-scribing all offences against life and property reported between each issue. It is as well to add here that besides this paper the police full descriptions of stolen property, for the use of the tradespeople, to whom rebbers generally resort. The number of Inspectors varies with every division. Each remains in turn on duty for twenty-four hours. He can sleep, if he finds time, on the plank in the office, not on a bed during the night. The A. or Whitehall divi-sion has 62 of them. The L. or Lambeth division only 10. The total strength of the Metropolitan Police on Dec. 31, 1832, was 1 Commissioner, 2 Assistant Commissioners, 1 Director, 25 Superintendents, 611 Inspectors, 977 Ser

25 Superintendents, 611 Inspectors, 977 Sergeants, and 19,095 constables. Total, 11,703, Horses, 380. This force has been slightly increased since, on account of the extra duties required to protect the capital against the misdeeds of the dynamiters.

This little army has not only to protect London; it is also intrusted with the protection of the dockyards and military stations of Woolwich, Portsmouth, Devenport, Chathan, and Pembroke. On the other hand, it has nothing to do with the city proper, which possesses its own distinct police, called the City Police, placed under the direct and exclusive rule of the city corporation. ing to do with the city proteer, which possesses its own distinct police, called the City Police, placed under the direct and exclusive rule of the city corporation.

The histopolitan Police is under the Home Office, it is commanded by a Commissioner and two Assistant Commissioners. Then there is the Director of Criminal Investigations. This arrangement is not quite the best that might be conceived. No doubt the City Police and the Metropolitan Police work together in a friendly manner, but it does not require a professional mind to understand that their esparation is not conducive to prompt action. Then, again, real unity does not exist in the Metropolitan Police tiself, for not only are there practically two heads to that department, the Commissioner and the Director of Criminal Investigations, whose respective powers are not always very distinct, but both are still not unfrequently interfered with by the Home Secretary, who generally steps in in every considerable case with his theories and directions. It seems, therefore, that matters could be usefully simplified. The Director of the Criminal Investigations Department, Mr. Vincent, has just left they office which he has ably organized.

In 1878 a grand scandal occurred in police circles: it suddenly came to light that four of the best and most efficient detectives of Sectiond Yard had been conniving with a most enterprising gang of criminals. A complete and thorough reform of the department was found necessary, and the work was intrusted to Mr. Vincent, At that time there were only thirty detectives; to-day there are 260 of them. It would be well, perhaps, now to consider if advantage ought not to be taken of the vacancy created by the resignation of this intelligent and soften bed on the priminal classes; but what police does? It has not, above all, won great fame in its camping against the Fenians, but those Fenians are no ordinary customers; besides they are aspecially organized to meet them. This, of course, is wrong but it is not less a fact. The few a

found and intelligence his own rave counts of the first. They correctly this intelligence that is not the state of the first that is the first that the state of the first that the first

but not identified. Of 4.940 prostitutes charged with annoying male passengers. 1,460 were convicted; 79 lines were attended by 18.462 po-licemen, 28,295 persons were apprehended for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. 18.721 dogs were seized by the police, of which only 1,933 were claimed.

convicted; 79 fires were attanded by 18.42 policenses; 25.30 persons were apprehended for drumbenness and disorderly conduct; 18.72 days were claimed.

As many as 18.659 articles found by drivers or conductors were deposited in the lost property branch of the police; 10.31 of them were restored to their owners, the rest given back, after three months to the fluiders, or sold. There were 8.471 written inquiries about effects or parcels left in nubile conveyances, but never brought to the police, showing as total of 37.130 articles lost in those conveyances, irrespective of cases in which vertail inquiries only were made. The number of lost articles never brought back to Sootland 'grd's should not give one too bad an idea of the London drivers and conductors' honesty, for there is no doubt that many of the articles never recovered are taken and stolen by subsequent passengers. That most of those men are honest and can resist strong is mutations is evidenced not only by the number of the returned articles, but by the value of some of them, among which in 1832 were three detected to bonds amounting in each case to \$1.000, a plate of sliver weighing 1,034 concess, and valued at \$240; a diamond, \$500; bank notes, £130. All these valuable articles were restored to their owners, while three £50 notes and other valuables remained unclaimed and were restored to the linders.

But this does not exhaust the work expected from the metropolitan constables. They have to regulate the traffic at every busy spot, and facts taken at random can give an idea of what this duty amounts to. At Swallow place, Oxford street, speaking only of omnibuses, within one hour 140 of these carriages have been counted going westward, and 116 of them going southward. Constables are facility to give the first help in cases of accident, and this is no sinecare, considering that the fatal one that occurred in the streets of London in 1882 amounted to 271. The efficiency stained by some of the policemen is shown by the interesting flow of the surface o coat and equipment, dives in his turn from the bridge in hot pursuit and saves the plunger. As a rule, the metropolitan constable is very kind, and the instruction that he must not use his staff, because the party in his custody is violent in behavior or language, generally trains him to be a mod ! of patience.

Educational classes held at certain stations have a very satisfactory effect. Each division has its library, and the whole are provided with comfortable quarters for the men. Some divisions have bands, and all are provided with comfortable quarters for the men. Some divisions have bands, and all are provided with emotivation of the Metropolitan and City Police Orphanage, an institution which is well and generously supported by the public.

Economy can havely be counted among the good features of the service, considering that the total amount paid for it during the year ending in March 1882, was no less than £1.353.307, which was made up by contributions from the Treasury, the rates, and public carriags licenses. The Commissioner enjoys a salary of £1.300 and the following yearly allowances: £300 for house rant, £63 for keep of a horse, and £330 for travelling expenses.

HIDDEN CHARMS OF SANDY HOOK.

A Member of the Tile Club Discovers

As a Sun reporter was about to make himself comfortable in one of the wicker rocking chairs on the forward deck of the St. John which plies between New York and Sandy Hook, he spied a member of the famous Tile Club. Joining him, the reporter asked if the club were going on any trip this summer.
"Going?" was the reply, "why they're all

gone-that is, nearly all." "All gone inside?" queried the reporter, remembering one of the club's famous stories. "Not exactly. They've nearly all gone in sections to Europe. Perhaps there are but four of us left in this country. Don't misun-derstand me, though. The club hasn't gone and won't go anywhere this summer as a club." The reporter was going to Seabright and

asked the Tiler if he were going so far. "Not I," was the reply. "I leave the city for a day away from houses and people. I spend to-day alone by the sea. I get off with the rest at Sandy Hook, but I let them take the train and stay behind. They're welcome to the Highlands, Seabright, Monmouth Beach, and Long

THE ROMARCS OF MRA JEER.

Patrique Sperch in Fort Pichens That Mrs. Clausebone Jobb, who is now on a visit to her hariff and friends, near Philadelphia, in company with her husband, the distinguished professor of Greek at the University of Edinburgh, is an American woman, with an interesting history. Her father, the Rev. Mr. Reynolds, long since deceased, was an English clergyman. He married a Miss Lane of Pennsylvania, and was at one time rector of St.
Mary's parish in Burlington, N. J. St. Mary's
Hall was his daughter's Alma Mater, and Bishop
Donne conferred upon her her diploma when she was but 18 years old. Even then she showed rare abilities as a writer and in conversation. She was a beautiful girl, and while very young married Lieut. A. J. Siemmer of West Point, who was a professor there for some years. Subsequently he was ordered to various army posts, and at the beginning of the war was stationed at Fort Pickens.
Here, quite unwittingly, Mrs. Slemmer be

came a heroine, and woke one morning to find herself famous. Just then nothing was talked

of but the impending war. The dread of it and

its fearful consequences formed the one and

of but the impending war. The dread of it and its fearful consequences formed the one and inevitable topic of conversation, and dwelt like a nightware in the minds and hearts alike of both North and South. The question of who should strike the first blow was being constantly agitated within the fort. Mrs. Blemmer being present at one of these discussions, said quietly: Now is not the time to hesitate, and if the men and officers of the fort fear to take the initiative, I shall be proud to firs the first gun? This patriotic speech won for her instant renown.

Bhortly after war was declared, and Mrs. Blemmer was the first lady to cross the lines on her way homeward to the North. She arrived in Philadisphia to find that the fame of her little speech had preceded her. Her portraits—abelt they were carioatures—were in great demand. The newspapers heralded her movements, and eager eyes were strained to catch a climpse of her. Even the staid, old-fashioned town of Burlington, where she at once visited her friends, was stirred and roused into an excitement entirely without precedent there. From far and near strangers and friends gathered to welcome her, recoptions were held constantly, bands of music from Philadelphia and elsewhere were brought to serenade her simest nightly, and whatever could be devised to do ber honor was done.

During her occasional visits to Washington, President Lincoln cave her always a hearty welcome. When she asked him if he did not think Major Siemmer deserved promotion, he patred her on the snoulder in his fatherly way and replied: "This premise was not forgotten, he patred her on the snoulder in his fatherly way and replied: "The brave husband of so brave a little woman deserves the best, and he shall have it." This promise was not forgotten. Major Siemmer became Gen. Siemmer, and shortly after the war he died of heart disease. A year or two previous they had lost their only child, a promising boy. Much of her time substriy after the war he died of heart disease. A year or two previous they

TRICKS OF THE FLOWER BOYS.

Das Exhibits his Skill in Selling Houquets to Young Men who Don't Want Them. "Buy, a bokay, mister? All fresh flowers,

ten cents oach." Any afternoon or evening, until nearly midnight, a little fellow with bright eyes, dirty face, and a basket of buttonhole bouquets on his arm, can be seen in the neighborhood of Twenty-third street and Broadway, accosting every passer by with the above invitation. He works with a will, and seems to enjoy it.

A few nights ago he saluted the reporter "Won't you have one, sir? I've only a few left, and it's getting late. Buy one to belp me out; they are nice and fresh." "Isn't it pretty late to be out with bouquets?"

the reporter asked.

"Oh, no, this is just the time to sell them.

There is lots of fellows and their girls out now. and I catch nearly all of them. Hold on now and see me do it. Here comes a dude and his

The couple referred to came up Twentyecond street, and turned up Broadway. They were just rounding the corner when the flower boy made his assault. He addressed himself

were just rounding the corner when the flower boy made his assault. He addressed himself to the young woman:

"Won'tyou have a bouquet miss? They are all fresh and ales. Have a protty one?"

"Get out of the way," growled the young man, but she looked wistfully at the basket.

"Oh you oughtn't to have such a good-looking young lady if you cannot even buy her a tent-cent bouquet when she wants one," said the boy, with a tone of well-assumed disgust and the young fellow cut short further comments on his generality by reducing the number of bouquets in the basket by two."

"That's the way we catch them." said the little follow, as the couple passed on. I tell you I can fetch them 'most every time."

"Do you make much money on the bouquets?"

"Oh, that depends on how many we sell, I made a dollar and five cents to-day, and I've only been out eince I o'clock this afternoon. Sometimes I make a good deal more."

only been out since I o'clock this atternoon. Sometimes I make a good deat more."

What is the most you ever made in a day?"

"Twenty-nine dollars, clear money. That was two years ago at the fair. I made \$13 one day on an excursion up the rivor. You know I go out on the excursions all the time, and that's the hest place to make money."

"Where do you get your flowers?"

"Buy them of the flower dealers, and make the bouquets myself. Pretty soon flowers will get cheap enough to sell the bouquets for five cents apiece, and then we will make more."

The Tellow, Baggy Roots of Down East Lumbermen and Wostern Farmers. BANGOR, July 10 .- Everybody in Maine is familiar with the baggy, yellow boots and shoes called moccasins, which in winter form the favorite footwear of our lumburmen and farmers. These unique boots have a history which dates sack to the middle of the century.

The material is common leather, but tanned in a peculiar way. The principal ingredients in the tanning are salt and alum, with a kind of oil. The mothod is something of a secret known to but few.

Leather thus tanned was first used as lacing

for mill belts. It was some time before its utility as boot and shoe material was discovered. In 1861 E. P. Baidwin, who kept a shoe shop in Bangor, obtained some of the leather from Pawtucket, and began the manufacture of the moocasin. In 1852 the business had increased considerably in Bangor, and a manufactory was started in Oldtown. The work in those days was quite crude, and far behind that of to-day in style and unish. In 1855 another establishment was sent the first pair of moccasins that ever went west to Dubuque. Trade was very prosperous until the opening of the rebellion. Then the business languished, but in 1868 became established upon a perma-ment basis.

rebellon. Then the business languished, but in 1833 became established upon a permanent busis.

In 1871 the mode of moccasin manufacture was revolutionized by the advent of improved machinery and now ideas. The cut of the leg was altered so as to bring the seam upon the side instead of at the back, and the seam, which formerly made an unconfortable ridge is the leg, was superseded by the flat imp same. Much of the sewing is let out at so much a dozen pairs to French Canadian families, who live in the suburbs. The larger part of the stock stril comes from Rhode Island, but Hangor is the great centre of the moccasin manufacture, as many nairs being made here, probably, as in all other places combined. At Red Wing and St. Paul, Minn., and hacine, Wis., the manufacture is quite extensively carried on, and it is from these places that Bangor encounters the strongest competition. Over 300 people are employed here, and the production which in 1881 was 80,000 pairs of boots and 20,000 pairs of shoes, has been increasing yearly.

The tanning renders the leather a perfect non-conductor of water, and, to a considerable extent, a non-conductor of heat and cold. For these reasons the moccasin is popular with important and farmers, and thousands of western farmers are subplied from Bangor, while our own lumbermen would as soon think of going into the woods without their axes as without moccasins. When new, the boots have an oily feeling, an oder not disagreeable, and are of a bright golden color. The axe artist trudges away in winter in boots to the snowy woods, while the small boy of the city frolies in shoes that are now known as Bangor's golden slippers.

elippere. Ready for any Emergency.

Howas seated across the room.

"deorge," she said, "if a fire were saddenly to break out in the house, what would be your first impulse, do you think?"

"Well, my first thought would be for you, of course. I would get you to a place of safety, and then do what I could to extinguish the fines."

"That would be very nice of you, George, to think of ma Sirst, but if a fire ware to break out now, for instance, wouldn't you how "aluable time reaching me from way "I don't how but what I would," said George as he changed his stat.

CURIOUS PRATURES OF ACTUAL LIFE ed of a Ben Cantain who Hover Les

From the Boston Globe.

which she Can't Expinis. From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

From the Chambersburg Repository. Geyer Scheible of this place was an indentured

science retains a vivid recollection of Girar's pres-ence, which he says was anything but arreasile. His face was furrowed with hard lines, and when he looked at you out of his only eye the Eupression was that of a basilist. The entire front of his clothiny, from his chin downward, appeared as but forship wonked in sinuff, which he chewed incessantly. The wonder grew until his death, in 1831, how so small a man could consume as much shull as Girard did and it not kill him.

Col. Pine Bets on the Quasa. From the New Mexican Review.

The largest but that has over boan made by a bradylie man upon the single turn of a card was made by Cot. Prior in California some years ago. The Colonel was at one time considered the weathing that in Mexico. His partner had finen to California to dispose of a large ranch of sheep. They got their money and wore large ranch of sheep. They got their money and wore would play a little money. Which naturally made him a little excited. After a while he said to the dealer:

"How much money have you in the bank?" It was flush days then, and the bank and would play a little excited. After a while he said to the dealer:

"How much money have you in the bank?" About \$50.00.

"It was flush days then, and the bank and was a pained the said. The dealer both of the said to the dealer and: "About \$50.00.

"It is flushed was up and he meant what he said. The dealer look-d at him inquiringly to see if he really means it, and flushly exclaimed, coully."

"It is you dust if a lose.

"This you dust if a lose."

"The dealer was flush. He shoulded and gave the cards to Pluo in out, after which he showly began to draw the cards. Not a word was spoken and the shience was terribly oppressive. It was a long time before either eard showed, but at last a lone club showed up and the banker draw a sich of valief. Plus gave him a check for \$40.000 and left the room. He came back to New Mexico the rest day.

"Is Col. Plus living now?" was saked.

"Oh, yes. He lives close by here, out on his ranch."

A Big Hoon Sanks or Story.

One day last week a little girl, whose name shipped the correspondent's manily retentive memory, was chased by a mouster hoop anaken larry more favored by a mouster hoop anaken larry more forces as seened that it was about to strike her, she dodged behind a larre apple tree. The rapply whrhing make terred to follow, and struck the free with such force as to drive the horn spike into the herd wood over two inches. The child was so frightened that she same down, her hast thumping as though it would furst out of her body. One of her brothers, who had seen her driving down the hill, went to see what was the matter. When he reached the tree it was quaking like an aspen and its leaves and fruit failing to the grandin a herfect shower, the proscrate girl being almost turied beneath them. As soon as he got her restored to consciouseshe be took a fence rail and killed the venomous monster, which was eleven foot two and a half inches line girlt is not eight inches in circumference. The horn point on the tail was slick inches in and so decayl inteeded in the very hard wood that it could not extricate itself. This all huppened near South Mountain, Va. From the Chicago Pribune.

"One day of last work." said an Albany shoe dealer," when I was alone in my store, a welt-dressed stranger entered. He were a white 'dicer' (as the box call it), which he land carefully unon a weinter near tie door. Then he asked use for a pair of my very best customands lace shoes. A pair was soon placed at his disposal. Neating himself, he tried on the right shoe. 'This is a splendid fit, he said, 'but my feet are such of a different size. Let me see if the left one sets as well. The left shoe was poiled on his foot and he stood up and gazed proudly down at his extremities. 'Those are about flight,' he said, 'but suppose you give me a pair a leetle smaller. There is no need of a man making his feet look layer than necessary.' I mounted the steps after another pair, when I ileard a instes in the front of the store and looked up just in time to see a small boy making way with the atranger's nat. 'Look, your hair!' I shouled; 'after him quick.' The stranger sound paralyzed for a moment, but then ratioged out of the store in pursuit.

"That's air,' and the shoe stealer fundly. The new time." That's air,' and the shoe stealer fundly. The treating which he shoes he atamped his feet very naturally, and I suppose that was a signal for his confederate. From the Albany Argus.

A Bear Story Told in the Catakill Mountains.

A Sear Stery Told in the Catakili Mountains.

Prom the Paliadeiphia Press.

"Do you often get hold of a bear?"

"Yee, there's plenty of bears. Nice, fat fellows, weighing from 200 to \$10 pounds. A bear and two cubs were caught only last weeks at his fadian. They will come the company of the

From the Milwaukes Wisconsin.

From the Chicago Herald

"Well, it's about grub time," remarked a amp to one of his fellows on the station platform; just you keep your see on me an 'll show yer a trick hat's with havin, win yer, go down there behind the ster task an wait for me. No 2 and as he was bold.

From the Chicago Tribune

He had been very kind and solicitous for sev-eal days, and at breakfast yesterday morning he sud-lenty remarked:
"My dear, you don't know how bad it makes me feel to see you look so thin and careworn."

that haggard expression shows overwork and

should so into a decline. The replied, as she laid down her beet tere, Henry." She replied, as she laid down her beet tere, Henry. The replied, as she laid down her beet to be and looked him square in the eye, "you want to do the country for a month link you can pack me of to the country for a month link you can be given by the sighed heavily, but made no reply, and you have so thou of the wrong to get in a he stood on the corner waiting for the car, and kinith asked him how his wife was, he answered:

"Firsking right up, thank you. She's gaining a pound a week right along, and was never in better spirits."

Solling his Wife to an Indian. From the Unite Chieftain.

He Beats the Telegraph Companies.

On several of Boston's best streets the enof strong acid. With this marical combination he rable the minoxions wires every might before he gues to hed. Three or four days, and they drop in two pieces. They are mended. Three or four days, and they fall like roceal This is his line of action for several weeks. At the end of this time the telegraph company think this street is very unhealthy, and the officients very trying, if a strong wire cannot exist there, and the long line is removed.

The Kingsnukes and the Rattiers.

Mr. Tuttle, who has killed soventeen rattlemakes on his farm in this county since thristmas,
youches for this: He and an old usero cleased up a
fence row where many marks appear every year. While
at work they heard a noise in an old stump close up, and
knew that there was a nest of rattle-emkes mide. Presently they noticed a huze kingsanke approaching the
stume, so they were quiet and awated his motion, old man
Ingram remarking: "Hors das gwine to be lively time
in dat stomp torsetly." Sure enough, the kingsanke
went in, but soon bounded out and struck a bes fine for
a tittle hill hard by. In a few minutes the returned, and
had two other kingsankes with him. Then all three descended into the hollow stump, and there followed a
most tromoudous noise. After some fitteen minutes the
three kingsankes asme out and went off, and Mr. Tuttle,
with old licerum, dug up the stump. They found five
dead rattleshakes. From the Milledgeville Chronicie.

Betrayed by a Weman's Teeth.

From the Philadelphia Islegraph.

Guibal, the assessain, has just been convicted at Perpiran of the marrier of a rist assess Marrie Corbers. The vidence which you can the teeth seem for the property of the pr

An English Channel Island for Sale. From the St. James's Garette, June 28. From the St. Jumer't Garette, June 28.

Mosars, Dobonham, Tewson, Farmer, and Bridgewater amounce that they are authorized to sell the Island of Herm at the Mart on Tuesday, the 29th of July. The island, which is farmed for its beauty, lies to tween Guernser and Sark in the Emish Channel, and it is recommended as a perfectly imaging purchase for a nothernax, yachtsman, gentleman, or prefessional or homeone man seeking thorough rest and recreation in a charming chimate at the seasode, with a sortes of stirge-time which could not be misteled eleewhere within the same compass, and within ten or eleven hours of London. The island is a mile and a half long by three-quarters of a mile broad and contains 450 stante acrea, including 100 acres of fertile arabic and pusture land.

Spivester and the Snake Escaped. From the Easton Express

From the Easten Express.

While David and Sylvester Muschlitz were at heymaxing in Saisteavy Township, Lehigh County, on Thursday, they came upon a den in connerhead analog in a swampy nortion of the field. The largest of the reptiles showed fight when discovered, and began an attack on David Muschlitz, who defended himself with a pitchfork, and with this tool succeeded in killing the snake, which measured my feet in the large, managed in scape—is the along which was also large, managed in scape—is the along vivester Eusenhitz, whose valor failed him in the emergency.

A Hear with a Sainti Heart.

A Hea with a Stunt Heart From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Westmoreland county lady has a chippor little spatish how with seven little chicas. The other day a rat swam across the poind to where the heb and her flock were feeding and bounced upon one of the chicks. The hen flew in the rescue of her young one, pecked sway at the rat fill it had to retreat, and each time it returned so pluckily defended her offspring that the rat at last had to take to the water again, whither it was pursued by the hen, who pecked away at it as a long as it was within her reach. The scene was witnessed by several gentlemen, who were very much pleased at the gallant way in which the bird defended her little ones.

From the Monteruma Record An old nagro woman, who was at one time a dark ginger-case color, has turned white with the exception of a few inver-colored spots on her face and arms. "Ant kitys" says that the remaining spots are disappearing very fast and if the old negroes is spored to live a few vears inner it will be one instance to be recorded whote a negroes was horn black and buried white. Her age and the fact that she now has great grandchildren is an evidence of her beatth.

Fifty-soven Deaths from One Pig.

From the American Butcher. On Sopt. 15, 1883, a trichinous pig was slaugh-tered in a little town of saxony. The inest was sold in tent said surrounding willinges. It was eaten in a raw state as mince meat. From this 3d cases of trichinasis are shown to have occurred. 57 of which proved faint, sarely this pig was more fercotous in each than in life.